

he has no idea. My pipe is cooled in wet silken bag, my coffee is boiled with spices, and I finish my last chibouque with a sherbet of pomegranate. Oh the delicious fruits that we have here, and in Syria! Orange gardens miles in extent, citrons, limes, pomegranates; but the most delicious thing in the world is a banana, which is richer than a pineapple.

I don't care a jot about *The Young Duke*. I never staked any fame on it. It may take its chance. I meant the hero to be a model for our youth; but after two years' confinement in these revolutionary times, I fear he will prove old-fashioned. Goethe<sup>1</sup> and *Vivian Grey* of course gratifying. I hear the Patriarch is dead: perhaps a confusion with his son. I saw it in *Galignani*, an excellent publication which keeps me *au jour*. . . . The death of Max<sup>2</sup> has cut me to the heart.<sup>3</sup>

When Disraeli wrote this letter his thoughts, as can be seen, were all directed homeward, and in fact he was 'only waiting for a ship to convey him to Malta'; but 'the more he saw of Oriental life the more he liked it,' and he lingered on that he might return with. Meredith, who was now in Upper Egypt. His first glimpse of the redoubtable Mehemet AH was curious.

Wandering in the gardens of his palace at Shubra, I suddenly came upon him one afternoon, surrounded by his Court, a very brilliant circle, in most gorgeous dresses, particularly the black eunuchs in scarlet and gold, and who ride white horses. I was about to retire, but one of his principal attendants took me by the arm and led me to the circle. The Pasha is exceedingly fond of the English. His Highness was playing chess with his fool, and I witnessed a very curious scene. I stayed about a quarter of an hour, and had I waited till his game was finished, I am informed that lie

i A friend of the Austens and Disraelis had just returned from Weimar and reported that 'the old man himself, and Madame Goethe, his son's wife, were among the warmest admirers of *Vivian Grey*; they had \*•?\*\*\*<sup>icular</sup> Bookshelves, and they spoke enthusiastically<sup>M</sup> b Tl \*\*\*\*\* Scott the fest of their English h ^ CoOd ^ but one fault: that the author had inis-^f^m^ character in his youthful Princess.' Goethe, « ^;^m^ \*a?g^h^in-law, considered that there was JSS.' ongfcahty in the work than in any he had seen for

\* A favorite puppy at Bradenham. \* letters, pp. 62-64.

